

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SO YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE, EH? SO YOU LIKE HORROR STORIES, EH? WELL, I'VE GOT A LITTLE TALE ABOUT PEOPLE WHO LIKE HORROR THAT WILL WARM YOUR GUILD HEARTS! YES, IT'S ME, THE CRYPT-KEEPER... YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR! COME IN! JUST DRAG OVER THAT SUNLAP BAG AND SIT DOWN! IT'S WISE AND SOFT! THE CORPSE IN IT ISN'T QUITE STIFF YET! COMFY! GOOD! NOW LISTEN TO THE TERROR-TALE I CALL

WELL-COOKED HAMS!



THE HUNCHBACK COVERED BEFORE THE RED-HOT STOVE, A BOTTLE OF ACID NARRED NEARLY IN HIS NEXT HAND! THE SHAGGY-HAIRED UGLY MAN MOVED TOWARD THE TERRORIZED HUNCHBACK, REACHING FOR HIS NECK...

I'M GOING TO CHOP YOU, YOU TWISTED LITTLE MONSTER!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! THIS IS ACID I HAVE! IF YOU SPARE ME, I'LL...



THE WILD LOOKING MAN'S STRONG FINGERS CLOSED ON THE HUNCHBACK'S THROAT! SACRILEGIOUSLY HE SCREAMED IN PAIN! THE HUNCHBACK HAD PLUNGED THE CONTENTS OF THE ACID BOTTLE INTO HIS FACE...

SHRIEKING HYSTERICALLY, THE GAMBY ONE PLUNGED THE HUNCHBACK'S FACE DOWN UPON THE GLOWING TOP OF THE RED-HOT STOVE! THE HUNCHBACK HOWLED! A HISsing SOUND WAS HEARD AND A CLOUD OF SMOKE AROSE FROM THE BURNING FLESH...



SUDDENLY THE DARK SCENE WAS BLOTTED OUT BY A FLASH OF RED VELVET! AS THE CURTAINS CLOSED! A GASP ERUPTED FROM THE INROCKED AUDIENCE! THEN A TUMULT OF APPLAUSE EXPLODED!

THE CURTAINS PARTED AND THE HUNCHBACK STEPPED FORWARD. HIS FACE CHANGED! THEN THE SHORT HAIRIED MAN CAME OUT, HIS FACE HORRIBLY DISFIGURED BY THE ACID BURNS! THEY BOWED TO THE CHEERING PLAY-GOERS...

AS THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD MOVED TOWARD THE EXITS, BABBLING... TWO AMERICANS REMAINED IN THEIR SEATS. ...



WELL, ANTHONY? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?



THE TWO MEN STARED UP AT THE RED-VELVET DRAWN CURTAINS...

I WANTED YOU TO SEE IT! I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT! DO YOU THINK THEY'D GO FOR IT BACK IN THE UNITED STATES?

ARE PARISHANS ANY DIFFERENT THAN NEW YORKERS, MILES? BROADWAY WOULD GO MAD OVER THIS STUFF!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING, ANTHONY! THE HORROR EFFECTS OF THE GRAND BURNING ARE ALL CLOSELY GUARDED SECRETS!

I'M SURE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM, MILES! OH-OH! HERE COMES MRS. BATES. THE OWNER!



THE TALL, GAUNT, PALE-FACED FRENCHMAN APPROACHED THE TWO AMERICANS.

I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE TWO AMERICANS WHO CALLED ME?

THAT'S RIGHT, M'SIEU MATIER! I AM MILES ARMISH, AND THIS IS ARTHUR MACK!



COME INTO MY OFFICE, GENTLEMEN! YOU SAW THE PERFORMANCE?

YES! WE DID!
IT WAS TERRIFIC!



THE THEATER OWNER LED THE TWO MEN INTO A SMALL OFFICE AND MOTIONED THEM TO BE SEATED.

I AM GLAD YOU LIKED IT, GENTLEMEN! NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WESLEY MATIER WOULD LIKE TO PRODUCE THE GRAND SUSPENSE PLAYS IN AMERICA!



DID YOU THINK *THE GRAND SUSPENSE* WILL BE AS SUCCESSFUL IN AMERICA AS IT IS HERE IN PARIS?

WE'RE SURE OF IT! HORROR IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY BACK THERE! THEY EVEN HAVE IT IN COMIC BOOKS!



I AM SORRY, GENTLEMEN! I DO NOT THINK WE CAN DO BUSINESS! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

WE CAN OFFER YOU A GOOD PRICE, M'SIEU MATIER! WHAT IS YOUR OBJECTION?



THE GRAND SUSPENSE WAS STARTED BY MY FATHER, PIERRE MATIER! THE METHODS WE USE IN PRODUCING THE HORRIBLE EFFECTS IN OUR PLAY WERE INVENTED BY HIM, AND HAVE BEEN JEALOUSLY GUARDED EVER SINCE! ONLY I SHOW THEM! EVEN THE ACTORS HERE DO NOT KNOW HOW THEY ARE DONE!

AND THE SECRETS ARE ALL IN YOUR HEAD, W'NEUT?



OH, NO! REMEMBERING THEM WOULD BE MUCH TOO DIFFICULT! NO! THEY ARE ALL WRITTEN DOWN IN A MANUSCRIPT WHICH I KEEP IN THAT SAFE! NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, THE RIGHT'S RECEIPTS AWAIT!

ER, YES! WELL, THANK YOU ANYWAY, M'SIEU! I'M SORRY YOU WILL NOT CONSIDER OUR OFFER! BOB GOIN!



THE TWO AMERICANS LEFT THE THEATER AND WENDED DOWN THE NARROW TWISTING ALLEY IN THE MONTMARTRE SECTION OF PARIS WHERE THE GRAND BARRAGE-THEATER IS LOCATED...

WELL, MILES? WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

STARTED FRENCHMEN? YOU CAN'T FAKE SENSE TO THEM? THEY'RE ALL SO DAMN SENTIMENTAL!

YOU REALLY CAN'T BLAME HIM MILES? IF I WERE IN HIS SHOES, I'D DO THE SAME THING! YOU COULDN'T MAKE ME GIVE UP THOSE SECRETS!

OH, COULDN'T IT WHAT WOULD STOP ME FROM TELLING YOU FOR THEM?



SUDDENLY THE TWO MEN STOPPED! THEY STOOD BENEATH THE STREET LAMPSTEMS AT EACH OTHER.

ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING ARTHUR?

OUR PLAN LEADS IN THE MORNING! WE'D BE FAR AWAY BEFORE ANYONE FOUND HIM!

THE AMERICANS TURNED AROUND AND HEADED BACK TO THE BUS CANTINA... TO THE GRAND BARRAGE...

HE WAS A FOOL FOR TELLING US ABOUT THAT MANUSCRIPT!

SORRY! HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE AGENT'S ACCEPTS! PERHAPS WE CAN GET THERE IN TIME!



OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE GRAND BARRAGE, MILES AND ARTHUR HESITATED... THEN SLOWLY OPENED THE DOOR! INSIDE, MONSIEUR MATIER WAS STOPPING BEFORE THE SAFE.

THE SAFE... IT'S OPEN!

WE'RE IN LUCK!

MONSIEUR MATIER PLACED THE METAL BOX INTO THE SAFE BEHIND THE VOLUME MARSED 'PIERRE MATIER, METHODS' TWO SHADOWS MOVED TOWARD HIM! HE TURNED, WIDE-EYES.

YOU!

THE BUN EXPLODED IN HIS FACE! HE SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR! A HAND REACHED OUT AND REMOVED THE MANUSCRIPT FROM THE SAFE.

NOT IT?

LET'S GO!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT LE BOURGET AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE PARIS, MILES' BRUSH AND ANTIHUR WACK BOARDED A TRANSATLANTIC CONSTELLATION! MILES CLUTCHED THE PRECIOUS MANUSCRIPT UNDER HIS ARM!



I WONDER IF THEY'VE FOUND HIS BODY YET? **SWIFT** / YOU FOOL!

LIVES!

AND AS THE GIANT AIRLINER ROSE GENTLY INTO THE SKY ABOVE FRANCE IN THE OFFICE OF THE GRAND JUDGECOR THEATER IN LE RUE CHATEAU...MONTMARNE



EEEEEEEEEK!

WHILE ON THE PLANE



IT'S ALL HERE, MILES! **EVERYTHING I LOOK!**

SO THAT'S HOW THEY MAKE THE BLOOD POUR OUT OF THE WOUND!



YES! AND LOOK HERE! THE STABBING SCENE! A DETAILED DRAWING OF HOW THE KNIFE IS CONSTRUCTED!

THERE'S THE EYE-SCORNER ACT! WELL... I'LL BE!



HERE! ON THIS PAGE! THE AGG AND RED-WOT STOVE ALISSHOY!

WE'RE JUST, ARTHUR! WE'LL BRICK 'EM DEAD ON BROADWAY!



BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ALL THIS A SECRET, MILES! NO ONE ELSE MUST EVER KNOW HOW THESE HORROR EFFECTS ARE PRODUCED!

WE MUSTN'T TAKE THE CHANCE OF LETTING THIS BOOK OUT OF OUR HANDS!



LISTEN! WE'RE BOTH ACTORS! WE'VE MEMORIZED WHOLE SCRIPTS BEFORE! WE'LL MEMORIZE THIS MANUSCRIPT AND THEN DESTROY IT!

GOOD IDEA! THEN WE WON'T LEAVE OURSELVES OPEN TO THE END OF TRING POOR W'HEU WATERS DID!



AND SO, WHEN THE TRANSATLANTIC AIRLINER LANDED AT IDLEWILD AIRPORT IN NEW YORK CITY...

YOU GO TO YOUR HOTEL ROOM AND START MEMORIZING THE MANUSCRIPT, ARTHUR? I'LL SEE ABOUT HIRING A THEATER!

RIGHT? GOOD LUCK!



WHILE, BACK IN PARIS, WHAT DOES IT SAY, CHARLES?

IT SAYS 'CLOSED BECAUSE OF DEATH OF OWNER' AH? THAT IS TOO BAD, EH?



A WEEK LATER, IN NEW YORK...

WELL, ARTHUR? I'VE GOOD! FINISHED MEMORIZING NOW THE MANUSCRIPT, TOO!

LET'S DESTROY IT... TOGETHER!



THE MANUSCRIPT OF PIERRE MATIER WAS THROWN INTO THE FIRE, AND THE TWO MEN WATCHED THE LEAPING FLAMES REDUCE IT TO BLACK ASHES...

WELL THAT DOES AND WE IT, ARTHUR? NOW OPEN IN THE GRAND SHOW - A WEEK! NOW'S SECRETS ARE OURS ALONE!



WHILE IN PARIS, AT THE POLICE HORSE...

EDOUARD MATIER'S BODY HAS BEEN STOLEN!

MON DIEU!



IN NEW YORK, ADVANCED PUBLICITY ON THE OPENING OF THE *BLACK ANGRIN HORROR THEATER* BROUGHT LINES OF PEOPLE TO THE BOX OFFICE...

I'VE READ ABOUT THE GRAND SHOW-NOL IN PARIS!

THEY SAY THIS WILL BE FAR MORE HORRIBLE!

THEY'RE SOLD OUT FIVE WEEKS IN ADVANCE!



AND THEN, THE NIGHT OF THE PREMIER PERFORMANCE ROLLED AROUND! IN A DRESSING ROOM, ARTHUR AND MILES RERIOUSLY APPLIED THEIR MAKE-UP...

REMEMBER, ARTHUR? WHEN I THROW THE ACID IN YOUR FACE... SCREAM!

DON'T WORRY! AND WHEN I PLURGE YOUR FACE ON THE RED-HOT STOVE... YOU LET OUT A BLOOD-CROWLER, TOO!

THE AUDIENCE FILLED EVERY AVAILABLE SEAT/STANDING ROOM WAS SOLD OUT! THE THEATER WAS FILLED TO CAPACITY! FINALLY, THE CURTAIN WENT UP AND THE PERFORMANCE BEGAN.



ARTHUR AND MILES STOOD IN THE ROWS, WATCHING... ARTHUR GRESSED AS THE SHABBY THROTTLE, AND MILES AS THE STOOPEE MUNCHBACK...



THE STABBING SCENE WAS OVER! THEN CAME THE OTT-BOOMING EFFECT! FINALLY...

THERE'S OUR OUT, ARTHUR!
LET'S GO! GOT THAT BOTTLE WITH THE SECRET FORMULA?



MILES DASHED OUT ONTO THE STAGE! THE AUDIENCE GASPED! ARTHUR FOLLOWED! HE RAN TOWARDS MILS, MENACINGLY...

KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY!
I'M GOING TO CRASH! YOU, YOU TWISTED LITTLE MONSTER!



THIS IS GOOD! I HAVE IN THIS BOTTLE! IF YOU FOLLOW ME, I'LL...



MILES PLUNGED THE SECRET FORMULA INTO ARTHUR'S FACE! ARTHUR SCREAMED...



ARTHUR SHAVED MILES'S FACE DOWN ON THE 'RED-HOT' PROP-STOVE! MILES SCREAMED, SHRIeking HYSTERICALLY!



THE AUDIENCE STARED IN HORROR AS THE TWO FIGURES BURSTED IN PAIR...



IT, IT LOOKS SO REAL!

I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

WAIT! SOME-THING'S WRONG!

ARTHUR, HIS FACE HORRIBLY DISTORTED BY THE BURNING ACID, SUDDENLY RELEASED HIS HOLD ON MILES, WHOSE CHEEK LAY SQUEEZING AGAINST THE RED-HOT CLOTH. BUT AS THE CURTAIN CLOSED, THEY CONTINUED TO SCREAM!



OWWWW! THE PAIN...

AAAAAH! WHAT'S WRONG?

A WORSHIP OF THE CAST RUSHED TO THEM? THEY LAY WRITHING ON THE STAGE.



GOOD LORD! THEIR FACES! THEY'RE REALLY BURNED!

THE ECCLAMATION CARRIED THROUGH THE DRAWN CURTAINS TO THE HORRIFIED AUDIENCE OUTSIDE...



THEY'RE DYING!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT WAS REAL!

MY GOD!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THE PANIC AUDIENCE PUSHED FOR THE EXITS... SHOUTING... PUSHING... SHOVING... BY MISTAKE, SOMEONE OPENED THE CURTAIN! ARTHUR AND MILES LAY PROSTRATE ON THE STAGE...



LOOK! THEY'RE DEAD!

HURRY!

STOP PUSHING! WE'LL BE TRAMPLED!

SOON, THE THEATER WAS EMPTY! ONLY A LONE FIGURE SAT IN THE DESERTED HOUSE, STARRING UP AT THE TWO DEAD MEN ON THE STAGE...



AND AS WE CLOSE IN, WE SEE THAT THE FIGURE IS JARLWAG AS HE STARES UP AT THE STAGE WITH GLAZED EYES! IT IS THE COMPEE OF M'SHEU MATHEN.



THE END

HEL, HEY! THAT WAS A NOT DARE, EH? I HOPE YOU LOVED THE PERFORMANCE! THE STORY CERTAINLY HAD A SHOCKING CLIMAX, EH? ARTHUR AND MILES WERE ALL BURNED UP ABOUT IT? TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE FACE! YOU CAN SAVE BACK ISSUES! OR MY MAD JOB, THAT IS? READ MY COLUMN.



THE GUY? - KEEPER'S CORNER FOR INFO ON HOW TO GET PAGES! AND NOW, WHY NOT TURN TO THE KAY? - KEEPER FOR ANOTHER WARMING TALE!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! SO, IT'S MY TURN TO 'ENTERTAIN' YOU NOW, BRY BOOD! I'VE BEEN WAITING! COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR! I AM YOUR HOST, FINE HAIR-FREEMER! I'VE JUST PAINTED THAT GARRET WITH SLUR, SO SIT DOWN ON IT! THEN YOU WON'T HIT THE CEILING WHEN I TELL YOU THE BLOOD-CURLING TALE I CALL...

MADAM BLUEBEARD



FOR THE BEGINNING OF OUR STORY, LET'S LOOK IN ON A PATHETIC SCENE. A FEDERAL... IN A CEMETERY AS THE GROUP OF BLACK-CLOAK MOURNERS BATHED AROUND THE SOBBERING WIDOW WATER... THE COFFIN OF THE RECENTLY DECEASED IS LOWERED INTO THE YAWNING BLACK PIT! SAD, ISN'T IT? FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR WIDOW? DON'T! NOTICE THE NEAT LINE OF GRAVES BESIDE THE NEW ONE? COULD THEM? YES, THERE ARE! OF COURSE! THIS POOR WOMAN IS BURYING HER SEVENTH HUSBAND! IS THERE ANY WONDER I'VE CHRISTENED HER 'MADAM BLUEBEARD'? AFTER ALL, SHE KILLED THEM ALL...

POOR THING! I DON'T SEE HOW SHE'S BLOOD-UP UNDER THESE EMOTIONAL SHOOTS!

SEVEN HUSBANDS IN SEVEN YEARS...

...ALL ACCIDENTALLY KILLED!



OH, YEAH! THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE BELIEVES! THAT TERESA'S SEVEN HUSBANDS ALL DIED ACCIDENTALLY! EVER HER HUSBANDS BELIEVED IT... THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT PRESBY. THE ONE THEY'RE BURYING NOW! HE KNOWS DIFFERENT! OR I SHOULD SAY 'JANE' DIFFERENT! AH, BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY...

'FOUR' 'FOUR?' THAT'S A GIRL!
'LARGE! SHE'S LOADED! HER SEVEN HUSBANDS' ESTATES AMOUNT TO A FIFTY SOON' WHY...



'NEAL, THE FOURTH, FELL FROM HIS OFFICE WINDOW. FOURTEEN STORIES'



WHY IF I DIDN'T THINK TERESA WAS A JOKE... I'D MARRY HER MYSELF! BUT I'D PROBABLY END UP LIKE ALL THE OTHERS... IN SOME FREAK ACCIDENT!

THE OTHERS? HOW DID THEY DIE?



'HOWARD, TERESA'S SECOND, FELL OFF A CLIFF WHILE THEY WERE HONEYMOONING IN A TRAILER...'



'WELL, LET'S SEE! EARL WAS HER FIRST! IT HAPPENED ABOUT THREE MONTHS AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED! EARL HAD PROBABLY FALLEN ASLEEP WHILE FISHING! HIS BOAT DRIFTED INTO THE RAPIDS AND HE WAS KILLED SOON AFTER THE FALLS...'



'DOUGLAS, NUMBER THREE, WAS KILLED ON A HUNTING TRIP! HIS GUN EXPLODED IN HIS FACE.'



'WARREN, TERESA'S FIFTH, WAS KILLED WHEN THEIR CAR WAS STRUCK BY A TRAIN! TERESA WAS THROWN CLEAR AND SUFFERED ONLY MILD BRUISES.'



THEN PETER, HUSBAND NUMBER SIX, WAS ELECTROCUTED WHILE TAKING A BATH! A RADIO HE WAS LISTENING TO FELL INTO THE TUB OF WATER!



SEE WHAT I MEAN? SEE HOW THEY ALL BELIEVE THE DEATHS WERE ACCIDENTS? ACCIDENTS, MY BLOODSHOT EYE! THEY WERE EACH COLD, CALCULATED MURDERS! TAKE FROM EARL'S DEATH, FOR INSTANCE.



OH, SURE EARL FELL ASLEEP WHILE FISHING! BUT HE KNEW ABOUT THE RAPIDS AND THE FALLS DOWNSTREAM, SO HE WAS VERY CAREFUL TO TIE UP THE BOAT TO AN OVERHANGING BRANCH BEFORE TAKING HIS SHOOTIE! ONLY



AND, OF COURSE YOU KNOW HOW FOUR FREDDY WAS KILLED!

YES! WELL! TERESA'S LEAVING? I GUESS IT'S ALL OVER! COMING?



AND AS FOR HOWARD, WELL, HE WAS INSIDE THE TRAILER WHEN TERESA STOPPED IT AT THE CLIFF EDGE! WHEN SHE SCREAMED, HOWARD CAME OUT OF THE TRAILER DOOR FULL-SPEED!



AND DOUGLAS, HUSBAND NUMBER THREE, MET HIS UNTIMELY FATE BECAUSE AFTER CLEANING HIS GUN, HE LEFT IT AROUND WHERE TERESA COULD GET AT IT! SHE FOUND MODERN LEAD INTO THE BARREL, BLOTTING IT UP.



NEAL, NUMBER FOUR, WAS LEANING OUT OF HIS OFFICE WINDOW, LOOKING FOR THE NEW CADILLAC TERESA CLAIMED WAS PARKED BELOW, WHEN TERESA THUNKED THE SCATTER RUG OUT FROM BENEATH HIS FEET!



AS FOR WARRIOR, HUSBAND FIVE? HE'D MADE THE MISTAKE OF FALLING ASLEEP WHILE TERESA WAS DRIVING HOME FROM A PARTY! SHE'D JUST STOPPED THEIR CAR ON THE GRADE-CROSSING, STEPPED OUT, AND WAITED.



AND PETER, WHO LOVED MUSIC, ERRED WHEN HE TOOK HIS BATH WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR! HE NEVER SAW TERESA OPEN IT, REACH THE STICK IN, AND KNOCK THE RADIO OFF THE SHELF ABOVE THE TUB.



YES, THEY'D ALL BEEN NUMBERED! BUT THEY NEVER *KNEW* IT! ONLY *FREDDY*. TERESA'S *SEVENTH* HUSBAND... *HE KNEW!* FREDDY WAS A *FLYING* GUY. OWNED HIS OWN PLANE! HE'D HAD A RUNWAY LEVELLED AT ONE END OF TERESA'S VAST ESTATES! EVERY DAY HE'D TAKE OFF... FLY AROUND... AND LAND.



ONE DAY, WHILE HE WAS *ON*, TERESA STRUCK A STRONG WIRE, TAUGHT ABOUT TWO FEET HIGH... ACROSS THE RUNWAY.



AND WHEN FREDDY CAME IN FOR A LANDING...



BUT FREDDY WASN'T KILLED IN THE CRASH! WHEN HE CRAWLED FROM THE WRECKAGE, TERESA WAS FORCED TO FINISH THE JOB.



SO YOU SEE WHY I'VE CHRISTENED TERESA 'MADAM ALIBABARD' ?
WON'T IT THAT YOU SAY? SHE MUST BE MISTY OF COURSE! SHE'S A
NUT! IT STEMS BACK TO HER
CHILDHOOD . . . WHEN HER FATHER
WALKED OUT ON TERESA AND HER
MOTHER . . .



JACK! WHAT WILL WE
DO FOR MY
LIFE ON . . . TERESA
AND I ?

FOR MY
PART YOU
CAN STAY!
BOBBY!

TERESA'S MOTHER HAD BEEN
EMBITTERED BY HER HUSBAND'S
LEAVING! SHE'D PASSED UP HER
DAUGHTER TO *JUST* MEN . . .

THEY ARE *BEASTS*,
TERESA! THEY'RE
NOTHING BUT *ANIMALS*!

YES,
MOTHER!



ALL OF HER LIFE SHE'D BEEN
FIGHTING

'MONEY'? THAT'S
ALL THEY'RE GOOD
FOR! THE *BEASTS*!

YES, MOTHER!



UNTIL IT BECAME LOGICAL IN TERESA'S WARPED
MIND THAT . . .

THEY ARE *BEASTS*? WILD *BEASTS*?
WILD *BEASTS* MUST BE *DESTROYED*!



AND SO, ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER
MOTHER'S DEATH, EARL, TERESA'S FIRST HUSBAND,
LAY IN HIS GRAVE? TERESA CAME AND LAID A
WREATH ON IT IN HER *MOTHER'S* HONOR . . .



THEN, WHEN TERESA'S MOTHER DIED ON A COLD DAY
IN NOVEMBER . . .

I'LL *AVENGE* YOUR DEATH, MOTHER! YOU SHALL
SEE! THEY'LL *PAY* FOR THIS! THE *BEASTS*!



AND ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF HER MOTHER'S
PASSING, THERE WERE *TWO* GRAVES TO PLACE
WREATHS UPON! EARL'S . . . AND HOWARD, HER
SECOND HUSBAND'S



YEAR AFTER YEAR, THE BEST LITTLE ROW OF BRAVES BORN!
AND YEAR AFTER YEAR, TERESA CAME AND PLACED WREATHS
UPON THEM, IN HONOR OF HER MOTHER...



SIX YEARS, MOTHER!
AND SIX WREATHS,
IN YOUR MEMORY!

NOW THE BLACK-CLAD WARRIORS
ARE FILING OUT OF THE CEMETERY,
LEAVING THE SEVENTH GRAVE TO
BE FILLED IN... FREDDY'S GRAVE!



LET'S GET TO
WORK, HARK!

YEAH! IT'S
GETTING COLD!

AND SO THE SEVENTH GRAVE IS FILLED IN! THE BEST LINE LIES SILENT UNDER THE DARKENING
SKY! EARL, UNDER THE FIRST! HOWARD, BENEATH THE SECOND! DOUGLAS UNDER THE THIRD
MOUND! NEAL, BELOW THE FOURTH! WARRNER IS THE FIFTH! AND PETER, THE SIXTH! EACH PEACE-
FUL IN DEATH, EACH REMORSEFUL! AND IN THE FRESH GRAVE, FREDDY WHO KNOWS! AND AS
THE WIND COMES UP, RUSTLING THROUGH THE BARE TREES, SWEEPING ACROSS THE GRAVE STONES,
WHISTLING PAST THE ROW OF SEVEN GRAVES, IT SEEMS TO SOUND LIKE A WHISPER... LIKE SOME-
ONE WHISPERING... LIKE FREDDY... TELLING THE OTHERS...



ONE DAY... IN NOVEMBER...



I'D LIKE TO BUY
SOME WREATHS!
SEVEN OF THEM!

YES, MA'AM! SHALL I
WRAP THEM OR ARE
YOU GOING ACROSS THE
ROAD WITH THEM?



I'M GOING ACROSS THE
ROAD... TO THE CEMETERY!
HOW MUCH WILL THAT
BE?

ER... FOURTEEN
DOLLARS, MA'AM!
THESE ARE HARD
TO GET THIS TIME
OF YEAR!

TERESA CROSSES THE ROAD AND ENTERS THE CEMETERY, THE SEVEN WREATHS IN HER ARMS.



OH OVER THE FROZEN GROUND SHE MOVES TO THE HEAT NOW OF SEVEN GRAVES...



SHE STOOPS AND PLACES A WREATH UPON EACH GRAVE.



THEN TERESA TOSSES HER FACE TOWARD THE GARDENERS SKY AND BEGINS TO LAUGH! BUT HER LAUGH IS CUT SHORT BY A HURBLE BENEATH HER FEET! SHE STARES DOWN HORRIFIED! THE SEVEN GRAVES ARE EACH CRACKING OPEN.



THE HOTTED HARD REACHED UP FROM BENEATH THE FROZEN EARTH, GRASPING TERESA'S ANKLE IN A DEATH-LIKE GRIP! SHE CANNOT RUN! SHE CANNOT MOVE! SHE CAN ONLY WATCH, AS THE COMPOSED RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES! WATCH AND SCREAM.



AND AS TERESA'S SCREAMS END IN A CHOKING COUGH, SILENCE ONCE AGAIN DESCENDS UPON THE GRAVE YARD! THE WIND WHISPERS ACROSS THE CEMETERY, CARRESSING THE HEAT LITTLE ROY OF GRAVES! ONLY NOW, THERE ARE EIGHT GRAVES INSTEAD OF SEVEN! AND ON THE EIGHTH GRAVE...LIE SEVEN SOLED WREATHS.



HEH, HEH! SO HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, MOTHER! THAT'S A LOVELY GIFT! THOSE MEM-BEASTS SAVE YOU! I HOPE YOU'RE GRATEFUL! OH, BY THE WAY, FRIENDS! YOU'LL BE GRATEFUL, WHEN YOU RECEIVE AN ORDER OF BACK ISSUES! GET ALL OF MINE OR CRYPT OR HAUNT, OR JUST GET THEM ALL! DON'T FORGET THE OTHER EC TITLES! TO FIND OUT MORE, READ THE CRYPT-KEEPERS' CORNER IN THIS ISSUE! THE OLD BUZZARD GIVES FULL PARTICULARS! 'SPE, NOW! REMEMBER! 'CREMATED COMPOS NEVER DIE! THEY JUST BLAZE AWAY!





THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Gappi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

I am willing to tell you how great your comics are. Everyday before I go to sleep I have to read one or two stories. I love your comics. You can print my address.

Orlando Garcia
1732 W Superior
Chicago, IL 60622

I want to know if you guys are going to have a fan club. I have a favorite episode from "Crypt" called, called "The House of Horrors" (and another one called "Walt's Cooking"), and I want to know what issue are you going to put it in so I can purchase it. Are there going to be any special editions like Halloween annuials and all that?

Phillip Semel © Paso, TX
"House of Horror" (singular) ran in CRYPT 8, get our last issue. But it ran originally in HAUNT 1; get our last issue! The house we also they ran it twice! Inquires after our "Annuaie," they collect each title under one cover about five issues a week. —CK

A couple days ago I was looking at baseball cards and I found a card with the signature at the bottom saying "Jack Davis." Did he draw this card?

Paul O'Leary-Newham, MA

Surely did. The card is © 1985 Sunbelt Growers. Davis does lots of advertising work. And with my son, the artist! —CK



Is it true that your nickname is "Crypty"? I got it out of the book called "Jokes from the Crypt." I would just die and draw out my grave to get CRYPT!

Can you send me the recipe for ghostfood?

Bryan Korla North Beach, MA

Call me laterseal. (One part ghost, one part hash.) —CK

I like your comics and I collect your trading cards. I watch your show every Saturday. I also watch your cartoon. I like your story "Loved to Death!" and "Death of Some Salesman!" I like the TV version of "People who Live in Brass Houses" and "Television Terror!"

Tucker Claypool Oakland, CA

So how's it going in the Critical Crypt? Not much here. I'm in school right now and we're watching a movie about movies. I don't think anyone's really watching. I think you guys are the best thing that has ever come out of hell. I have a idea for a story; it would rule if you did a "Phantom of the Opera" story.

William Washie FT Wayne, IN

I will read the boards in "Top Billing," VAULT 28. And quit reading comics in class even when! —CK

You are the coolest dead person alive. I am starting my subscription to your comic. I think The Old Witch is a first brooker. The Vault-Keeper is just a pain in the ass, sometimes. But I liked the story in CRYPT and I read your story "Drawn and Quartered." Do you like girls? (Not The Old Witch. She's not a girl.) Could you please send me CRYPT #1, 2 or 3? Please. I'm begging you! Please! Send Friends For Life (or death).

DeDele Saghee, MI

You're right, The Old Witch hates fatalities. You can get any of my best issues, or any EC title. See the end of this column. —CK

I love your comics. I love them so much I could die. I am dreaming up an for the Crypt-Keeper and I don't know what to wear. What should I wear?

Dave Haman Fortney, TX

When I shed my blue robe, I'm partial to a white sport coat and a pink carnation. —CK

I can't you in the last issue but I didn't get it printed. I really liked Crypt 10 my favorite story was "Drawn and Quartered." If you print my letter, could you please send me an autographed picture of yourself? Your #1 fan & friend,

Ashley Robinson, 12 Lockhart, SC

Berry, get me aut'd photos. See below. —CK

"Drawn and Quartered", in issue #10 is the best story I've read yet! I SURSED all the others from "Walt and The Witch" (is that underground, that is!) Your best fan,

Frank Felder Arrow, OK

I love CRYPT comics, the stories are good and scary. One of the stories I liked was "Drawn and Quartered". The comics have neat pictures, too! Why are the comics called EC comics?

Chris Fuller Mandem, NJ

Somebody everyone liked "Drawn"! "EC" stands for "Entertaining Comics." Get out your microscope and you can read it on the cover "walls." —CK

Thanks for printing my letter in CRYPT #10, but those last two lines WERE T mine. You must have mixed-up my letter and someone else's. I don't even watch " Tales From The Crypt-Keeper" (too juvenile). The guy who really wrote those lines is probably steaming 'cause you didn't give him the credit.

I'm sure the Crypt-Keeper can come up with a suitable punishment for your Weirly youth.

Berry McGillem Alton, IL

You're right, that final paragraph was from the letter of Byron James, Rockville, IN. —CK



HERE'S A GHOSTLY YARD!
I CALL IT...

RETURN!



MYRA SAT ON THE CHAIR BY THE WINDOW, GAZING OUT AT THE GENTLY FALLING RAIN! A SINGLE TEAR SLID SILENTLY DOWN ONE CHEEK.

OH, JIM! JIM! WHY DID YOU GO AWAY AT ALL? WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK NOW THAT I ASKED YOU SO?



MYRA SMILED! SUDDENLY THE TELEPHONE RANG! SHE RUSHED TO IT, HOPEFUL, PRAYING ...

HELLO? WHAT? IT'S MAM... MAM, FORGET? I JUST GOT IN! WILL YOU BE HOME FOR THE NEXT HOUR?



HAL, DEAR! IT'S SO, MYNA'S
GOOD TO HEAR I'LL BE OVER.
YOUR VOICE IS DEAR?
JOE WITH YOU?



MYNA NODDED EASILY AND
HUNG UP. HAL - HAL FORREST,
JIM'S PARTNER, WAS HOME.
WITHOUT JOE? MYNA PLUNGED
HIMSELF ON THE SOFA AND
BEGAN TO SOB.



OH, JIM? JOE? WHERE ARE
YOU? WHERE ARE YOU,
BARBARA?

HAL FORREST HAD BEEN BEST
MAN AT JIM AND MYNA'S WED-
DING! THAT HAD BEEN OVER
EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO! THE
THREE OF THEM HAD DRIVEN
UPSTATE TO A JUSTICE OF THE
PEACE...



TEN MORE MILES,
KIDS? THEN DOES!
EXCUSE ME!

THE J.P.'S HOME HAD BEEN A LOVELY LITTLE
PLACE. THE KIND OF HOUSE MYNA'D HEARD ABOUT
IN BOOKS! IT WAS WHITE SHINGLES, COVERED
WITH CLIMBING ROSES AND VINE.



AND I NOW PRODUCE
YOU MAN AND WIFE!

JIM? MYNA?

HAL HAD PLANTED THE BEST MAN'S TRADITIONAL
KISS ON MYNA'S CHEEK, AND THEN
ANNOUNCED...



WELL, KIDS? HAVE A
NICE TIME ON YOUR
HONEYMOON! I'VE
GOT A TRAMP TO CATCH!

TRAMP YOUR
BUT YOUR CAR?

OH-OH! YOU TAKE THE
CAR? DRIVE UP SOME-
PLACE AND ENJOY
YOURSELVES! SLOWLY!



SO LONG,
HAL? THANKS
LOADS,
KID!

YOU'RE A
DREAM,
HAL!

LATER, AS JIM AND MYNA SPED ALONE...



THAT WAS SWEET!
OF HAL TO LEND US
THE CAR, WASN'T IT,
JIM?

YEAH? HE'S A SWEET
GUY? WE FLEW TOGETHER
DURING THE WAR! WE'RE
GOING INTO BUSINESS
TOGETHER WHEN YOU AND
I GET BACK!



WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS?

AN AIR-FREIGHT 'NAL'S GOT A LINE ON A DC-3! IF WE CAN SWINK IT...



YOU MEAN FLYING?

WHY NOT? THAT'S ALL I KNOW! BESIDES... THERE'S GOOD MONEY IN IT IF YOU OWN YOUR OWN SHIP!



BUT, THAT MEANS WE'LL BE SEPARATED!

ONLY FOR A FEW DAYS AT A TIME, MYRA! WE'RE JUST GOING TO FLY SHORT-ROD STUFF!

AND SO MYRA'S HONEYMOON HAD BEGUN! THEY'D FOUND A QUIET LITTLE HOTEL AND SPENT TWO WEEKS OF HEAVEN. THEY'D GONE RIDING, FISHING, SWIMMING.



C'MON IN, HONEY! THE WATER'S FINE!

BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE! I'VE GOT TO PUT ON MY CAP!

BUT EVERYTHING WONDERFUL FINALLY HAD TO END AND MYRA AND JIM'S HONEYMOON WAS NO EXCEPTION! THEN...



WE GOT THE FLARE, MYRA! A DC-3! IT'S A BEAUTY! SURPLUS JOB! MAL'S STRIPPING DOWN THE ENGINE NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET RIGHT BACK TO THE AIRPORT...

OH, I SEE! THEN YOUR MORNING TO-NIGHT!

AFTER THE FLARE WAS RECONDITIONED, MAL AND JIM HAD BEGUN SOLICITING BUSINESS...



ANY LUCK, JIM?

NOT ONE LEAD! BLAST IT! THE BUS LINES HAVE THE AIR-FREIGHT SERVICE ALL SERVED UP!



AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, JIM HAD RUSHED HOME... MYRA! LOOK! A CONTRACT! WE'RE RICH!

OH, JIM! I'M SO HAPPY!



YEAH, ONLY THERE'S A **CATCH!** IT'S WITH A **SOUTH AMERICAN** GUY!!...

SOUTH AMERICAN BUT THAT MEANS WE'LL BE **SEPARATED!**



IT'LL ONLY BE FOR A **LITTLE WHILE**, BABY! JUST AS SOON AS I CAN, I'LL SEND FOR YOU!

PLEASE, JIM! DON'T GO! I'M AFRAID! IT'S SO FAR AWAY...



BUT JIM HAD INSISTED THAT IT WAS THE ONE BREAK THEY'D NEED! AND SO, AFTER **700** MONTHS OF MARRIAGE, JIM AND MYRA WERE PARTED...

WRITE TO ME, DARLING!

EVERY DAY, MYRA!



BUT AFTER JIM HAD LEFT, MYRA HAD RECEIVED ONLY ONE LETTER.

IT'S FROM PABARA! THEY STOPPED THERE TO **RE-FUEL!**



AND THEN, FOR A MOMENT MYRA'D HEARD SOMETHING NOT A WORD...

OH, JIM! JUST WHY DON'T YOU WRITE MYRA'S NUMBER?



THE MONTHS HAD DRAGGED ON WITH NO WORD FROM JIM! SOON A YEAR WENT BY... A YEAR SINCE JIM HAD GONE AWAY...

OH, JIM! JIM! PLEASE COME BACK TO ME! PLEASE...



MYRA'D BEEN AFRAID TO THINK THE WORST... THAT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO JIM! THEN, ONE NIGHT **FOURTEEN MONTHS AFTER JIM HAD LEFT FOR SOUTH AMERICA...**

O-COMING! JUST A MINUTE!

KNOCK KNOCK!



JIM!

MYRA! DARLING!

MYRA HAD FLUNG HERSELF INTO JIM'S STRONG ARMS, WEeping UNCONTROLLABLY.

I... I WAS AFRAID! OH— MONEY! IT DOESN'T MATTER, NOW!



WE'RE FOREVER! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

JIM! JIM! IT'S BEEN SO LONG— SO LONG!



THEY'D GLUNG TO EACH OTHER... NOT SPEAKING! THEM...

WHY DIDN'T YOU WRITE, JIM? YOU PROMISED!

I COULDN'T, MYRA! I WOULD HAVE IF I KNEW IF YOU KNOW THAT!



COME! YOU MUST BE TIRED! OH, DARLING! IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME!

IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME, MYRA!

AND SO, THEY'D BEEN TOGETHER AGAIN... IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS! BUT MYRA'S JOY WAS SHORT-LIVED... FOR THE NEXT MORNING...



COME! JIM'S HOME!



SHE'D FOUND THE NOTE...

MYRA DEAREST, WRITING THIS IS THE HARDEST THING I'VE EVER DONE. I HAVE TO GO AWAY, AND JUST CAN'T FACE YOU TO SAY GOOD-BYE. BELIEVE ME, DARLING, SOMEBODY WILL BE TOGETHER FOR KEEPS... AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE YOU AGAIN. TELL THEM, REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU.

JIM!

SOB, SOB!



JIM HAD LEFT NO FORWARDING ADDRESS... JUST THE NOTE! SOON ANOTHER THREE MONTHS HAD SLIPPED AWAY MYRA'S BEGON TO FEEL ILL! SHE'D HAD HEADACHES... GIZZY SPELLS... ATTACKS OF NAUSEA...

THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU NOW, M'AM!
THANK YOU!



HER FAMILY PHYSICIAN HAD EXAMINED HER... FINALLY ANNOUNCING...

THE SYMPTOMS YOU DESCRIBE ARE NOT UNCOMMON TO SOMEONE WHO IS GOING TO BECOME A MOTHER.

MYRA!
DOCTOR! ARE YOU SURE? WHEN!



SIX MONTHS OR SO! YOU'D BETTER BE TAKING IT EASY!
I WILL, DOCTOR! THANK YOU!



NOW, MYRA LAY SOBBING ON THE COUCH, WAITING FOR HAL FOREST, JIM'S PARTNER? SUDDENLY THE CHIMES SOUNDED! MYRA OILED HER EYES AND OPENED THE DOOR...

HAL! WHY DID YOU COME ALONE? WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING JIM BACK WITH YOU?

I COULDN'T, MYRA! JIM'S... DEAD!



MYRA STARED AT HAL! SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EARS...

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY! WHEN I SAW JIM THREE MONTHS AGO...

THREE MONTHS AGO! IMPOSSIBLE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IMPOSSIBLE? JIM WAS HERE... HE SPENT THE NIGHT THREE MONTHS AGO!

BUT... IT CAN'T BE!



OUR PLANE CRASHED UP FOUR HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF PANAMA... IN THE JUNGLE! JIM WAS KILLED INSTANTLY! IT TOOK ME FIFTEEN MONTHS TO DRAG OUT OF THAT GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE, BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

THE END



HEH, HEH! I SEE YOU'RE SURPRISED THAT'S THE SPIRIT! WHAT'S THAT YOU ASK? HOW SHOULD I KNOW? ASK MYRA! FUNNY THING ABOUT MYRA AND JIM? WHEN THEY FIRST MET, MYRA DIDN'T THINK SHE HAD A CHANCE OF A CHANCE WITH HIM! WELL, NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO BE REVOLTED BY THE OLD MYRA'S EYES NIGHT!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR *CHILLING APPETIZERS* FROM MY FELLOW GHOULMATES, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SERVE YOU THE *MAIN COURSE*! SO COME INTO THE *HAUNT OF FEAR*! MY CAULDRON BUBBLES AND GURGLES! IT REVEALS SPIN IS JUST ABOUT READY! YEP! IT'S *ME AGAIN*! THE OLD WITCH! HELLO! *HUNGRY*? GOOD! THEN OPEN YOUR LITTLE LEERING MOUTHS AND I'LL STUFF IN THE *TASTY TERROR-TALE* I CALL...

**HORROR!
HEAD...
IT OFF!**

THE YEAR WAS 1793! THE PLACE WAS FRANCE DURING THE BLOODY DAYS KNOWN AS 'THE REIGN OF TERROR,' FOLLOWING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION! IN A SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE GREY SKY STOOD THE NOTORIOUS *GUILLOTINE*! AS ITS GLAMING BLADE WAS HOISTED, THE STARVED CROWD BHOWLED AND CAT-CALLED! FROM SOMEWHERE CAME THE OMINOUS ROLL OF A SNARE DRUM! THE BLADE FLASHED DOWNWARD... AND ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE DOOMED ARISTOCRACY MET HIS END AS HIS HEAD DROPPED INTO THE WAITING BASKET.

CHASTLY

FAR ACROSS PARIS...AWAY FROM THIS BLOODY SCENE...TWO FIGURES MADE THEIR WAY SLOWLY THROUGH A CROOKED STREET. ONE MAN WAS TALL, WELL-BUILT, BUT CRIPPLED. THE OTHER WAS SHORT AND SQUAT. THE CRIPPLED ONE MOVED PAINFULLY, FIRST STEPPING, THEN DRAGGING HIS HELPLESS CLUB FOOT.

DOOR THE STRANGER TWO-DOME CAME TO A DARK ALLEY. THEY TURNED IN, STOPPING BEFORE A BATTERED DOOR. THE SMALL ONE KNOCKED ANXIOUSLY. FINALLY, IT CREAKED OPEN.



YES? WHAT IS IT?

WE WE HAVE COME TO BUY SOME FLOWERS!



WORKS MASTER? WE ARE ALMOST THERE!

I AM GASP COMING, LOUIS! I CAN'T WALK AS FAST AS YOU!

THE GREY MAN BEHIND THE DOOR PEERED OUT AT THEM...

FLOWERS? WE WANT SOME WHAT KIND FLEURS-DE-LIS OF FLOWERS?

COME IN! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

YOU ARE MOST KIND!

THE FAT MAN CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND THE TWO VISITORS AND TURNED TO THEM.

AND... IT DOES NOT MATTER WHO THIS IS THE BARON DE ROCHEMONT? I AM HIS SERVANT. HERE? LOUIS!



YOU HAVE MONEY?

YES! WE HAVE THE AMOUNT! YOU WILL HELP HIM TO FLEE PARIS AS THEY SAID YOU WOULD?

CERTAINLY! I WILL MAKE ALL THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS! BUT FIRST... IF YOU DON'T MIND... THE MONEY!

OF COURSE! HERE YOU ARE!



THE FAT ONE COUNTED THE GOLD AND THEN SMILED AND YOU AMEN?

I AM LUCIENE!
HENRI! YOU ARE THE
LUCIENE, DAME DE
AT YOUR SERVICE?
LUCIENE?
LUCIENE?



THAT IS CORRECT!
I HAVE DEDICATED
MYSELF TO HELPING
FELLOW MEMBERS
OF MY CLASS
ESCAPE THE
GUILLOTINE!



AM' M'SIEU
LE DUC!
THIS IS A
NOBLE
THING
YOU DO!
IF IT WERE
NOT FOR
MY CLUM-
FOOT.

YOU WILL BE
READY TO
LEAVE AT
MID-NIGHT? A COACH
WILL BE AT THE
ALLEYWAY!



I WILL BE
READY!
I GO NOW,
MASTER.
BEFORE I
AM MISSED!
GOOD LUCK!

AFTER LOUIS, THE MARQUIS DE HONCHENONT'S
SERVANT, LEFT.

HE IS NOT
GOING WITH
YOU?

THERE IS NO NEED!
HE WAS
ONLY MY SERVANT!
THE
GUILLOTINE DOES NOT THINK
FOR HIS HEAD!
ONLY
MINE.



THAT NIGHT, A COACH DREW UP TO THE ALLEY-
WAY! THE CLUMP GRAS CLUMP GRAS
FOOTSTEPS OF THE FUGITIVE MARQUIS APPROACHED!

SEN VOYAGE, MARQUIS
AND GOOD LUCK!

GOOD-BYE, M'SIEU LE
DUC!
THANK YOU! MAY
YOU CONTINUE TO HELP
OTHER UNFORTUNATES
LIKE ME!



AS THE COACH CLATTERED OFF INTO THE DARK-
NESS, HENRI, THE FAT DUKE OF LUCIENE
SMILED TO HIMSELF...

DO NOT WORRY, M'SIEU LE MARQUIS! I
WILL CONTINUE! IT PAYS ME WELL,
AND MY HEAD REMAINS ON MY
SHOULDERS!



SOON AFTER, NEAR THE GATES OF PARIS

WHAT IS THE
MEANING
OF THIS?

IT MEANS, M'SIEU LE MAR-
QUIS, THAT YOU ARE UNDER
ARREST IN THE NAME OF
THE FRENCH REPUBLIC!
TOMORROW, THE GUILLO-
TINE AWAITS.



SOON, BACK AT THE HOUSE OF HENRI, DUKE DE LORRAINE...



YOU ARRESTED HIM, CAPTAIN?

YES, LUCIEN! WE STOPPED HIS COACH BEFORE THE WEST BATE! AGAIN, YOUR COOPERATION PROTECTS YOU FROM THE GUILLOTINE!



WELL, CAPTAIN? THAT IS OUR ARRANGEMENT? I TURN THEM OVER TO YOU AND SAVE MY NECK, ENT?

SAVE YOUR NECK IS RIGHT, LUCIEN! IF IT WERE NOT FOR THIS LITTLE SERVICE YOU PERFORM, YOUR HEAD WOULD HAVE ROLLED LONGER AND!

AND SO THE NEXT DAY BEFORE THE JEERING MOB, THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT LIMPED UP THE STEPS OF THE GUILLOTINE.



AND AS THE GLAZING BLADE WAS HOISTED SKYWARD, THE DRUM BEGAN ITS OMBIOUS TOLL.



THE CROWD ROARED AS THE BLADE PLUMMETED DOWNWARD! BUT IN ITS RISE, ONE MAN DID NOT CHEER! HIS FACE WAS GRIM! IT WAS SHORT, BOUT LOUIS, THE MARQUIS' SERVANT.



LATER... CAPTAIN! THERE IS A MAN OUTSIDE! HE HAS COME TO SLAIN THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT'S REMAINS, HE WAS HIS SERVANT!



LET THE BODDAR TAKE IT! TONIGHT!



AND SO, LIFE THAT NIGHT A CART RUMBLED THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS OF PARIS CARRYING A MACABRE CARGO... A COFFIN, CONTAINING THE DECAPITATED REMAINS OF THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT! IT WAS DRIVEN BY LOUIS, HIS EVER-FAITHFUL SERVANT.



I WILL SEE THAT YOU HAVE A DECENT BURIAL, MASTER!

THE NEXT DAY, LOUIS STOPPED HENRI LUBERE ON THE STREET.

AN, LOUIS? I AM SORRY! I HEARD THE BAD NEWS!

YES, M'SIEU LE DURE? MY MASTER... WAS BE-HEADED YESTER-DAY!

SH-H-H! YOU FOOL! DO NOT CALL ME LE DURE!

WHY NOT? EVERY-ONE KNOWS ABOUT YOU! I HAVE LEARNED THE TRUTH... MYSELF!

I... I MUST BE GOING!

WHAT? THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST SHOW YOU! COME!

LOUIS LED HENRI LUBERE TO THE MARKETPLACE...

HAVE YOU EVER BOUGHT A CHICKEN HERE, M'SIEU LUBERE? HAVE YOU EVER SEEN HOW THEY *KILL* THEM? LOOK!

USH! THEY CHOP OFF ITS HEAD!

YES, M'SIEU? NOW WATCH! SEE HOW THE BODY SCURRIES ABOUT WITHOUT ITS HEAD? SEE HOW IT FLAPS ITS WINGS?

HOW DIRTY! WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?

SOMETIMES A CHICKEN WITH ITS HEAD CHOPPED OFF LIVES FOR HOURS! I KNOW OF A GARDEN WHERE ONE LIVED FOR ALMOST A MONTH! IT ONLY DIED BECAUSE THE FARMER WHO OWNED IT ALLOWED THE *SYNDICATE* TO ENTER GARDEN!

WHY DO YOU TELL ME THESE THINGS? WHY?

IF A CHICKEN CAN LIVE ON WITH ITS HEAD REMOVED, M'SIEU LUBERE, THEN WHY NOT A HUMAN BEING? EHP?

YOU'RE MAD! YOU'RE TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME! BAN! FOOLISH-NESS!

LOUIS SCORRIED OFF, LAUGHING. WHILE HENRI WIPE THE PERSPIRATION FROM HIS FACE! LATER THAT NIGHT, AS HENRI LUCERE SAT IN HIS HOUSE...



THE IDIOT! IF HE THINKS HE CAN SCARE ME, HE'S...

SUDDENLY HENRI HEARD AN UNMISTAKABLE SOUND! FIRST, A CLUMP, THEN SOMETHING GRASSING... THEN A CLUMP... THEN THE GRASSING NOISE.



W. WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE FOOTSTEPS! LIKE A MAN, WITH A CLUB-FOOT!

THE CLUMPING, GRASSING SOUNDS CAME FROM THE ALLEY OUTSIDE! HENRI RUSHED TO THE DOOR... AND SLID THE BOLT CLOSED...



HE... HE'S AFTER ME! THE MARQUIS...

AS HENRI WATCHED NERVOUSLY, THE DOORKNOB TURRED SLOWLY! THEN IT RATTLED! SOMEONE OUTSIDE WAS TRYING TO GET IN...



OH, LORD... PROTECT ME! THANK GOD, I BOLTED IT IN TIME!

THEN THE CLUMP... GRASS... CLUMP... GRASS... FARED AWAY DOWN THE ALLEY...



HE... HE'S GOING AWAY! ME...

SUDDENLY, HENRI CURSED... WHAT A FOOL I AM! A STUPID FOOL! OF COURSE! THAT WAS LOUIS OUT THERE! HE'S TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME! WHO EVER HEARD OF A BEHEADED MAN LYING ON...



HENRI FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND PEERED OUT! THEN HE GASPED! THE TRACKS IN THE DIRT WERE UNMISTAKABLE! ONE SET WAS THAT OF A SMALL MAN! THE OTHERS WERE STRANGE... AS IF THE PERSON MAKING THEM GRASSED ONE FOOT.



A-A... CLUB-FOOT! NOW BOTH! THEY WERE BOTH HERE!

HEARD SPIN AROUND! THE DOOR
BLAMMED SHUT BEHIND HIM.

I... I'M LOCKED
OUT!



THE LIGHT CREEPT UP THE HOBBLING
FIGURE... SLOWLY TO THE RIGHT.

LOOKS? IT'S
YOU... ISN'T IT?



THEN IT CAME AGAIN! THOSE
EDUNGS! CLUMP! DRAG!
CLUMP! DRAG! THEY MOVED
TOWARD HENRI FROM THE DARK-
NESS OF THE ALLEY...

WHO... WHO'S THERE?
LOOKS? IS THAT
YOU?



TO THE CHEST.

YOU... YOU'RE
TRYING TO...
FIGHTEN ME?
AREN'T YOU?
LOOKS? LIGHT!



A PAIR OF LEGS MOVED INTO THE
SQUARE OF LIGHT THAT STREAMED
FROM THE LAMP ABOVE THE DOOR.
ONE OF THE LEGS HAD A GLUB
FOOT! STEP! DRAG! STEP!
DRAG!

DE HOOGHEMONT?
NO! IT CAN'T
BE!



AND THEN, THE WHOLE FIGURE
MOVED INTO THE LIGHT! AND IT
HAD NO HEAD...



LOOKS WAS HEARD THE HOBBLING THING RASHEN IT!

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER...
JUST A LITTLE!

NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!
YAAAAAAAAAHHH!



HEE... HEE... YES... SURE! HENRI WAS SURE SURPRISED!
IN FACT HE LOST HIS HEAD! THEY FOUND HIM THE
NEXT MORNING WITHOUT IT! HIS BODY WAS
WAS LYING BESIDE THE MARGOIS DE ROOHE-
WIGHT'S! THEY MADE QUOTE A PAIR! IN FACT IF
IT WEREN'T FOR THE MARGOIS' GLUB-FOOT, YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TELL THEM APART!
WHY? OH, COME, COME! USE YOUR HEAD! WHAT
HAPPENED TO HENRI? HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL OF THE HEADS THAT
ROLLED DURING 'THE NIGHT OF TERROR'? HENRI!
SOUNDS LIKE STUFF MATERIAL THERE! I'LL HAVE
TO LOOK INTO IT! OH, BY THE WAY! ALL MY
BACK ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE! THE CRYPT-
KEEPER'S GARDEN TELLS YOU HOW TO GET YOURS!
THAT WINDS IT UP, KIDDOS? I HOPE YOUR
HUNGER IS SATISFIED!
WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT
IN THE HOUSE OF HORROR!
BYE FOR NOW!